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WHAT GIVES WITH THE OUEEN CONTEST? LET'S. STOP AT THE SWEET SKOPPE?

OKAY! THE GALS
LINE UP ON THEIR
HORSES IN FRONT
OF THE JUDGES'
STAND JUST BEFORE
THE BIG PARADE!















CHARMING COSTUME, CANDY DEAR 3 TRYING TO IMPRESS THE JUDGES ?











AND WE'RE TO REPORT IN
TEN MINUTES! LOOKS AS
IF I'LL BE QUEEN OF THE
COWGIRLS AND LEAD THE
PARADE!
CORNELIA,
YOU PIP ALL THAT
ON PURPOSE!

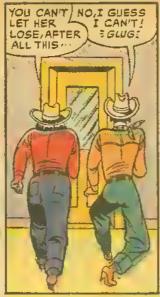




















































































































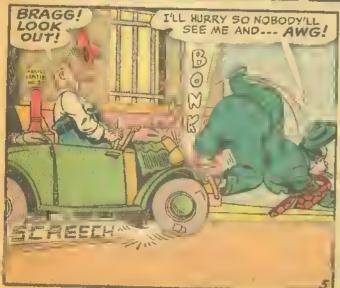














BACK AT THE BOARDING HOUSE ...

















PHOTOGRAPH 1 REAL MORNING IN ACTION!

NOW YOU'RE I KNOW JUST THE CLICKING! FIND! PLACE , F.M.! A FRIEND SOMEPLACE OF MINE RUNS A WHERE YOU CAN SWEET SHOPPE HIDE THE TV WHERE ALL TEEN-CAMERAS AND AGERS HANG OUT! JUST WAIT UNTIL I LOOSE IN THERE!











































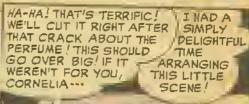




THE MATTER, CHICKEN HAVE I LOST MY CHARM?





























WHY DOESN'T

SHE SLAP HIS

GREAT CRYING CROCODILES! JUST SITTING THERE WITH THAT DRIP'S ARMS AROUND HER! YOU JUST

SAW FOR YOURSELF WHAT KIND OF A PERSON CANDY O'CONNOR REALLY IS! NOW, I WOULD NEVER TWO-TIME A FELLOW



TED DAWSON, I'M LEAVING TOWN! I'M GOING WHERE ARE YOU GOING? TO HOP A FREIGHT OR SOMETHING ... SO LONG ...









OH, THAT? REMEMBER
HOW I SUSPECTED
THAT CORNY WAS UP
TO NO GOOD? WELL,
HERBY SAW THE WHOLE
THING! HE SAW THEM
HIDE THE CAMERA
UNDER THAT TABLE
AND CORNELIA WAS
TALKING TO THE
CAMERA MAN BEFORE
WE GOT HERE!



AND I SAW CORNY TRIP



















NOT EXACTLY! BUT I'M BURNING UP WITH ANTICIPATION! IF ONLY WE COULD GET INSIDE!

> DAWSON TO THE RESCUE! MY FOOTBALL PRACTICE WILL DO THE TRICK, SWOON GIRL!

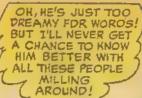
























OH, GOLLY! NOW HE'S ANGRY! BUT HE'S SO UTTERLY AND ABSO-LUTELY FASCINATING! I CAN'T LET HIM JUST WALK OUT OF MY TIFE!



WELL, IF YOU'RE NO, DON'T
JUST GOING GO! WAIT!
TO STAND THERE YOU SEE
STARING AT I'M A
ME, I MIGHT WRITER
AS WELL MYSELF AND
GET BACK I WANTED TO
TO WORK! ASK YOU...



A WRITER,
EH? WELL,
WHY DIDN'T
YOU SAY SO
IN THE
FIRST
PLACE?

WHEW! I-I MEAN "WELL"
ER! I KNOW! WHY DON'T
YOU COME TO DINNER AT
YOU SAY SO
MY HOUSE TONIGHT AND
THEN YOU CAN TELL ME
ALL I WANT TO KNOW
ABOUT "ER" LITERARY
TECHNIQUES!





























WELL, I USED TO
BE A TEEN-AGER! BUT OF COURSE!
NOW, OF COURSE, I'M
SO MUCH MORE
MATURE! I'M READY
TO DISCOVER LOVE
AS SUSAN DID IN
YOUR WONDERFUL WANT TO READ
NOVEL!

WITH ME? I
THOROUGHLY!

OH, MR. MEREDITH! IT'S BEEN SO UTTERLY CHARMING HAVING YOU HERE THIS EVENING!

AND I'D LIKE TO RE-PAY YOUR HOSPI-TALITY! WILL YOU HAVE LUNCH WITH ME TOMORROW? I'LL RETURN YOUR BOOK THEN!























PLEASE FORGIVE THE INTERRUPTION, STANTON! TED IS SUCH A CHILD!

CANDY, I WANT TO SPEND A LOT MORE TIME WITH YOU.





















OH, GOSH! AND I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU TO COME TO THE SQUARE DANCE WITH ME ON SATURDAY NIGHT!

I'D LOVE TO GO, TED! GOLLY,IT'S GOING TO BE FUN BEING MY OWN AGE AGAIN!

















CANDY





































# Candy's Surprise

FOR the life of her, Candy couldn't figure out what in the world was going on. It seemed as if her very best friends didn't want to have a thing to do with her anymore. It was just awful and Candy didn't know what

to do about it.

Candy first became aware of all this one afternoon after school. It was in the Sweet Shoppe where the gang had congregated for sodas, cokes and small-talk. That afternoon everyone was there: Tina, Trish, Ted Dawson, Herby and all the kids that Candy always thought of as her very best friends. As Candy entered the Sweet Shoppe, she could see them all with their heads together as though they were having an important conference.

Smiling at them and particularly at Ted Dawson. Candy walked over to the table where they all sat.

"Hi, gang," said Candy as she seated herself in the empty chair beside Ted Dawson.

The others seemed to smile stiffly at Candy and answered her with a few mumbled hellos. And all the talking just stopped at once. Candy couldn't understand why. They'd all been such good friends and now although the gang was polite enough, they seemed very uncomfortable with her.

Candy hadn't been there but a few minutes when Tina stood up abruptly. As she left the table she said to the others, "I'm sorry to leave you all but I've got some pretty important business to attend to."

Gradually one by one the others took their leave. It seemed that all of a sudden everyone of them had some business that they had to take care of immediately. In a short while all had left except Ted Dawson. But even he was getting ready to leave.

Candy touched his arm. "Wait a minute, Ted. I want to talk to you. I want to find out what all this is about."

"I don't know what you mean, Sugar Plum," answered Ted as he impatiently fidgeted with the silverware on the table.

"Do I have the Bubonic Plague or some-

thing?" Candy asked, trying to keep back the tears of disappointment.

"Now look, honey, you're making something out of nothing. Just because all the kids had to go somewhere doesn't mean that you

drove them away."

Obviously Ted was trying to be consoling. But Candy was certain he knew what was going on. Why wouldn't he tell her? She had always shared in all the activities of the gang before. Why was she being ostracized now? These and other similar questions flitted through Candy's mind. But she had no opportunity to ask them because Ted was already gone.

Candy now sat alone at the table in the Sweet Shoppe. She was so absorbed in her dismal thoughts that she didn't notice the approach of Cornelia Clyde.

"Hello, Candy," said Cornelia with false sweetness. "You look like the girl who's been

voted likely to be most unpopular."

Candy had never liked Cornelia who was spiteful and malicious but now she thoroughly detested her. Apparently Cornelia had seen all the others leave and here she was gloating about it.

"For your information, Cornelia," said Candy as slie tried to speak noncholantly, "the gang had some business to attend to and that's all there is to it."

Candy knew she had to get out of there. If she continued talking to Cornelia, she'd

probably break into tears.

"And now you'll have to excuse me, Cornelia," Candy said as she rose to go. "I have to hurry along. I'm meeting the gang later at my house."

"My dear girl, you're just rushing off to save face and you're not fooling a soul," jeered Cornelia. And as Candy hurried out the door of the Sweet Shoppe, she could still hear Cor-

nelia's high-pitched laughter.

When Candy reached her house, she went directly upstairs to her room and locked the door. Throwing herself upon her bed, she began to sob. She cried for a long time as if her heart would break.

Candy's mother, hearing her, knocked on the door. 'Is anything wrong, dear? Is there anything I can do?' she asked. But Candy tearfully told her that she just wanted to be left alone. Finally she heard her mother's

footsteps receding down the stairs.

At supper that evening, Candy appeared at the table with red-rimmed eyes. Mrs. O'Connor looked at her with great concern but said nothing. Mr. O'Connor, who had been coached previously by his wife not to ask any questions, also sat quietly at the table. The meal progressed in silence and Candy felt even more miserable than before.

Although Candy tried to avoid the gang at school the next day, it seemed that she kept bumping into them. First she saw Trish who looked very pre-occupied and almost didn't notice her. When Trish did see her, she stopped very briefly for a few words with Candy.

"Oh, hi, Candy. I wish I could stop and that with you but I've got so much to do that

I must really dash."

"I'm pretty busy myself," said Candy but Trish was already down at the other end of the school corridor.

And it was much the same with the others. None of them had a minute for Candy. Whatever they were up to was taking all their time and energy. Candy would have willingly helped them with whatever it was. But not one of them would confide in her and not one of them

asked for her help.

And thus three days passed. Candy wondered each morning how she could get through another day. And yet somehow she did. But it was becoming more and more difficult. Then suddenly the picture seemed to change. It began when Ted Dawson phoned Candy one evening. He was asking Candy for a date. Candy was pleased and angry at the same time. Here was Ted calling her up as he always did and pretending that nothing was wrong.

"I hope you can come to the show with me tomorrow night," he was saying. "There's a

super double bill at the Bijou.'

Candy hoped she didn't sound too eager as she agreed to go with Ted. But she'd been so lonely. And maybe Ted would at last tell her what the big secret was. Maybe he could help her straighten things out so that she and the gang could get together again.

When Ted called the following evening, Candy was wearing her pretriest dress. Ted was looking quite dressed up himself. He wore a carnation in his button hole and he carried a corsage of two gardenias for Candy.

"My, my," said Candy. "This must be a

very special occasion."

"Any date with you, Dream Queen, is a special occasion," Ted replied, smiling as he

held the front door open for her.

Candy' noticed that Ted's jalopy wasn't headed for the niovie theatre at all but was moving in the opposite direction. She started to ask him about it when Ted himself spoke.

"I've got to make a quick stop at this end of town. Trish asked me to deliver something at

her house."

Candy looked around her in the jalopy but there was nothing in it that Ted Dawson could possibly deliver. Soon they reached Trish's house. Ted asked Candy to walk to the door with him. It seemed like a peculiar request, but Candy was curious about the whole affair and so she agreed. As they walked up the front path, Candy turned to Ted.

"What did Trish ask you to deliver?"

"You, honeybun, you," replied Ted, grinning.

Before Candy could speak, the door was thrown open. Inside Candy could see that the gang was having a party. When Tina and Herby and Trish spotted Candy, they began to sing: "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday, dear Candy. Happy birthday to you."

Candy was speechless. She had spent so much time wondering what the gang was up to that she had completely forgotten her own birthday.

"Surprise, Candy. Surprise," shouted Tina as she hugged Candy affectionately. Candy was breathless with all this sudden attention. And she was a little ashamed of herself too. She doubted the friendship of the gang when all the time they were planning a surprise party for her.

Later when they were dancing a slow, dreamy foxtrot. Ted asked, "Are you happy, Candy?"

"I'm happy and delirious and I've had a real surprise," said Candy as she smiled, warmly at Ted.



























































WELL, HERE GOES!
THIS IS WHERE I
REALLY TROT
OUT MY STUFF!



HELLO, CANDACE! I
HOPE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER TO DAY!
I BROUGHT YOU
THESE ORANGES!
THEY ARE THE BEST
THING TO EAT WHEN
YOU HAVE
A COLD!





































-AND 50 YOU SEE, MISS CARTER, I NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN THAT, BE ABLE TO ATTEND I WAS ONLY A THE WALL PRETENDED TO YOURS! BE SO SICK!

I MUST ADMIT YOU HAD ME FOOLED, CANDACE! CORNELIA WON'T REHEARSALS, THE

OH, THANK YOU MISS CARTER! YOU WON'T BE SORRY! I'LL DO! GOOD JOB! 1 PROMISE! BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO



THE NIGHT OF THE PLAY ... FAREWELL! HEY, CANDY, THIS IS FAREWELL! MORE FUN THAN HOLD-ONE KISS AND ING HANDS IN A I'LL DESCEND! MOVIE!









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